Normal Spotlight

Faculty Number

MANSFIELD, PA.

MARCH, 1917

Bucknell University

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Normal Spotlight

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SEEING BEAUTY

"A genuine appreciatian of beauty is the highest education."—Fuseli

We are apt to think of beauty as being a rare quality in Nature. Such is not the case, however, for beauty is everywhere, if we will but open our eyes and our minds to behold it. The trouble is, that having eyes to see, we see not. The artist lives in a world of wonderful form and color. quite a different world from that inhabited by the ordinary mortal—yet it is the same. The difference lies in the person. The artist has learned to see. Truly "beauty lies in the eye of the beholder."

The majority of people consider their daily surroundings as being very common—in fact quite beneath their notice. And, as usual, the majority is wrong.

"The world is too much with us;
. . . . . .
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn!
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Probably there is nothing so beautiful in Nature that is so little appreciated as the daily rising and setting of the sun. Primitive people felt the wonder and beauty of this to such an extent that the sun was for them an object of worship. Yet we moderns "have no time for such things," and if our attention is called to the beauty of some particular sunset. our appreciation is apt to take the form of an expression similar to Mark Twain's, when Turner's "Slave Ship" red, yellow and blue running riot over a sunset sky, the whole reflected in a troubled sea, was pointed out to him. "Very wonderful!" said he, "Seen it before. Always reminds me of a tortoise-shell cat having a fit in a plate of tomato soup."

If you want to develop your sense of color, you cannot do better than to study the morning and evening sky. You will find there all shades and tints of colors imaginable, combined in perfect harmony.

Clouds add wonderfully to the beauty of the sky. A clear sky is never so interesting as one partly filled with clouds. One can scarcely imagine anything more lovely than a great pile of cumulus clouds, lighted up by the warm glow of the setting sun.

Then there is the beauty of distant mountains; of

"The Seas that mourn
In flowing purple,"

of trees, and of flowers.

Trees are always charming. Their structural beauty is never so apparent as in the winter, when they are stripped of their covering of foliage. They are particularly wonderful in the spring, as they put forth new leaves and blossoms. Then again in the autumn, as the leaves are about to drop, they acquire all the colors of the spectrum, which fairly scream at the passerby, forcing him to look upon their beauty whether he will or not.

Can you imagine a world without flowers? What could possibly take their place out yonder in the fields, and along the dusty roadside, where they smile up at you in their friendly way?

"If I had two loaves of bread,"
Mohammed said,
"I would sell one that I might buy
Sweet hyacinths to satisfy
My hungry soul."

Most of us appreciate the beauty of flowers, and it is indeed "quite the thing" nowadays to adorn our rooms with tastefully arranged bouquets. In the well-ordered home you will find flowers all thru the summer months; on the mantel-piece, on the writing desk, in the dining room—everywhere. They are never out of place.

Then we have the birds, with all their beauty of form and color. How many birds can you name at sight? You should be better acquainted. Why not go bird hunting? Not with a gun, which is the barbarian's way, but with glasses and a bird guide to help you name the strange ones. Try it this summer.

These are but a very few of the "common" things with which we are surrounded every day. We should learn to appreciate their beauty, else what is beauty for? With some people appreciation is instinctive. With others it is not, so it is necessary that one's aesthetic sense be developed. The practice of drawing is one of the best means of accomplishing this, and the strongest argument for its introduction into our public schools is that everybody may be taught to see—to see Beauty.

H. W. F.

A CONFEDERATE'S PENSION

George B. Strait

Beyond the rough fields and unfenced meadows, and the long, straggling lines of button balls or sweet gum trees, ran a sluggish black stream, which, in places, made the clayey, oozy soil almost as dreary as a swamp. Along the stream, marsh grasses grew in profusion, and in the distance, at the foot of a rocky ridge, small bushes served to break the monotony of the desolate scene as well as to furnish a slight protection to a rude cottage, the home of one of those unsophisticated anomalies of the south, a "po' white," who was familiarly known as Hi Jones. Hi's oldest son, Jim, was an overgrown, loose jointed, shackle gaited fellow, whose ambition for work was indigenous to Mississippi climate.

"The world owes me a livin' any way, so what's the use of my exertin' myself," said Jim as he threw himself languidly on the ground in the shade of a huge sycamore tree; "but I find that debt mighty hard to collect sometimes."

The news of the bombardment of Fort Sumter had stirred the two great opposing factions of the country, and Civil War seemed inevitable. Men from all sections were quickly mustered into service and hurried to strategetic points. Jim had been an interested spectator to all this, and now thought that his opportunity had come; so he enlisted, and before the close of the second year of the conflict he was sent to dispute Grant's progress in the opening of the Mississippi. The regiment to which Jim belonged was stationed in southern Tennessee, near the Mississippi line. A week had passed, and the men were growing tired of camp life. Early one morning the bugle call was sounded. "The Yanks are coming" was heard from various quarters of the camp. Knapsacks were quickly bestowed, belts buckled on, with hardly a moment for breakfast. "Form ranks!" The sharp word of command was quickly obeyed; and Jim was about to participate in his first battle.

The battle signal had been given, and men attired in the blue and the gray of the opposing forces fought bravely through the day. Night ended the conflict. Under cover of the darkness the Confederate Commander led the remainder of his troops away. Among the prisoners that were put aboard a north bound transport on the Mississippi the next afternoon, was Jim Jones. He had often been over this route before, but under very different circumstances. The progress of the boat was slow, and it was kept well off shore. As there seemed to be no probable chance for the prisoners to escape, toward the close of the second afternoon, the guards began to grow rather remiss in their duty.

"Say, can you swim?"whispered Jim to a fellow prisoner; "we'll pass near an island before midnight if we keep goin' at this rate, and two stan' a better show for gitten' back 'n one alone. The guards 'll go to sleep an' we can slide down this rope an' make the island by swimmin' a few rods; 'll ye make the break with me?" Jim's companion whispered his assent. They feigned sleep when the guard was in sight, but Jim kept an eye out for the shore lights. He knew that he could tell by these when they were nearing the island. Eleven o'clock came, and Jim touched his colleague on the shoulder. "Follow me," he whispered, as he picked up the piece of rope and tiptoed toward the stern of the boat. He tied one end of the rope to a brace and flung the other over the railing. The fugitives slid quietly into the water, and in a few minutes they were on the shore of the island. They peered cautiously about to be sure that no one was near, then seated themselves under some bushes that grew on the island, for rest and consultation.

"We have got to git to main land 'fore long, er starve," said Jim, "an' we'll have to go while it's dark, fer the Yanks hold full sway here." In exploring the upper end of the little island, Jim's companion came upon some wooden opject which, upon turning it over he found to be a rowboat. The problem was now solved. They improvised some oars, and before three that morning, they reached the Kentucky shore.

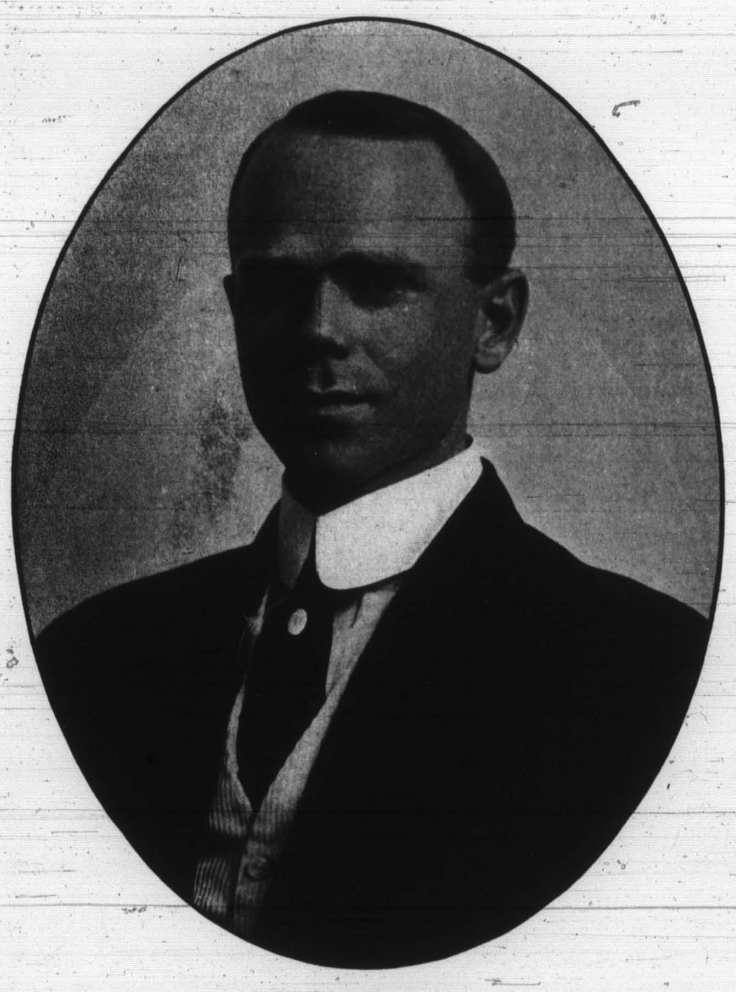
"Bad cess to me" thought Jim, as he was placed in a Yankee prison the third day after he and his companion landed from the row boat.

Jim proved a peaceable prisoner, and at the end of three months he was released on parole. Farm hands were scarce, and wages were high. Jim had no trouble in finding a job. He hired out to a Pennsylvania farmer but for some unforeseen reason, he gave his name as Hiram Herrick, and said that his home was in Vermont. He worked for his new employer a year, at the end of which time he was drafted into the Federal army. He served his six months for Uncle Sam, received honorable discharge, and returned to the north, where work was plenty and wages were still good. For many years, Hiram earned a comfortable living. But his old disinclination to work came gradually back to him, due to his advanced age and the lower wages of recent times.

One day as he sat thinking over his condition he decided that it would be easier to collect his debt of sustenance that the world owed him, if the obligation could be limited to a specific part of the world. "I'll apply for a pension" thought he. So Hiram Herrick placed his papers in the hands of an attorney, in August, 1890. Three years later his claim was established, and he received a voucher for two hundred and seventy-eight dollars back pay and an assurance of eight dollars a month thereafter. This ended work for Hiram. He preferred to live poorly and work none, to living well and working some. He is still alive, and may be seen loafing about the saloons, or second rate barber shops of———.

OUR PRINCIPAL:

Wm. R. STRAUGHN, Ph. D.



Chas. A. Platt, Ph. D.

A Rather Gargantuan Travesty on Events As They Might Be.

Faculties are usually institutions made up of teachers, professors and things. For all practical purposes teachers and professors are identical. The word "things" covers all that is excluded from what is known as "teachers" or "professors," and may vary in content according to personal likes or dislikes of the individuals interested. It has been a much mooted question for several generations whether a teacher is a human being just like men and women who live under the protection of the law and have trouble with servants and the neighbors. The open season for teachers is from September until June. During this season it is lawful to "get them" anyway short of murder; and, indeed, certain small boys have been known to wonder if it would be murder to kill a teacher just the same as it would be to kill folks.

Teachers live on "fresh things" during the open season. Toward the last of June they disappear, but along sometime in August they return to the scene of their official depredations, sometimes with worn and seedy clothes on their backs and a lean and hungry look on their faces, or well fed, well clothed, and callouses on their hands, thus proving that they sometimes work.

One of the many strange characteristics of teachers is that they can cause more happiness by missing their classes one day than they can by teaching a full week.

It is to be inferred from Biblical history that teachers and pupils always enjoyed the same relationship to each other as they do today, for David, in the 119th Psalm, said: "I have more understanding than all my teachers." Of a verity, the question rises ever and anon in the hearts of the pupils, "What foods for thoughts is them teachers?" Tis a strange world anyway. The faculty members sweat blood in their efforts to hold the center of the stage, and the pupils, led by David who should have known better, sing in merry tones: "We have more understanding than all our teachers." Jonathan gave David over to Saul, and Damon kicked Pythias in the slats. The pupils howl their joy and say: "Lookit them teachers flunk their own examinations." But shall David reproach Jonathan forever, or shall Pythias reach with stealthy hand for the convenient brick? Hardly. The teachers notice with keen delight that David slipped one over on the melancholy father of Jonathan and sent him off to the Witch of Endor in superstitious fear. They also observe with some considerable degree of gladness that Pythias is standing on the front porch of his palatial residence "rattling his slats" at Damon nursing an in-grown toe-nail. And in the final analysis, the teachers turn in the grades of the pupils. Thus do the forces of nature readjust themselves in the fullness of time.

C. A. P.

"Life at Mansfield Normal."

Dr. Straughn announced in chapel some time ago, that he was preparing a booklet, descriptive of life at Mansfield Normal. This book will contain numerous questions asked by parents in regard to sending their children to a Normal school before their entrance at a college or university. The answers of many of the questions of this kind will be statements made by various men high in the educational life of the country, telling them reasons for believing it more advantageous to have a Normal school education previous to a college education. While the academic work of the college is all right, yet the experience gained thru close association with model schools, and model school methods, also rural schools, cannot be obtained outside of a Normal.

The booklet will be well illustrated with cuts and pictures taken in and around Mansfield, submitted by the students. These pictures, will no doubt be the best proof of the many advantages gained by attending Mansfield Normal. The booklet will fill a much felt want among the students for something of the sort, which the "Spotlight" only partly fills.

Effect of Dissipation—An aged mother was scolding her oldest son for some of his bad habits. "Ain't you 'shamed of youself," she exclaimed, "to be chawin' tobaccer and smokin' that old pipe. You jes' ruinin' off your health."

"But listen, ma," replied her son, "I am 70 years old, ain't I?"

"Yes, you is," admitted them other, "but maybe if you didn't chaw an' smoke you'd be 90 now."—Youngstown Telegram.

Tempus Fugit.

Freshie—"Prof. Cass has been teaching here a long time, hasn't he?"

Old Timer—"I should say he has—why, when he began teaching, he lectured on current events; now his subject is Medieval History."

"The Relation of Our Literary Societies to the Future Work of Our Graduates."

The work of our students in the Normal schools is not judged so much by what they actually do while attending school as by what they give promise of accomplishing after they go out into the various sections of the state to teach or to enter other public and social work.

It has been said by a prominent educator that in our public schools there is too much teaching and not enough training. In producing school plays, the students learn as much, if not more of the value of team work, self control and unselfishness than in athletics, and who will dispute the fact that athletics have a splendid moral effect in the training of our school boys and girls?

The rapid increase in the demand for plays by high school students comes from the fact that parents have long since learned the value of well directed dramatic entertainment for young people. The criticism heretofore has come from the fact that many plays unsuitable for use, have been given. With the training received in the Normal school, the teachers go out into the high schools ready to exercise judgment in the selection of plays and thus something worth while is substituted for trash.

This does not mean, that any narrow limitations must be put upon the kind of production. It may be a musical comedy, a one act play, a play in German, French, or Latin, a classic or modern drama. In fact, it is usually advisable to present the different kinds of plays in order to give all students an opportunity to take part.

While plays given by our Literary Societies are under the direction of the teacher of oral expression, the real work of managing the business, arranging the programs and adjusting the scenery is done by the members of the society. This gives them the practical work and makes the plays, strictly student productions.

Simplicity should be the keynote of all stage decorations. Just as soon as the boys and girls feel that elaborate scenery is necessary, the rehearsals begin to lose joy and assume an atmosphere of drudgery and worry. When the scenic effects are simplified and the spirit of the play made to predominate, then there is real joy in rehearsing and the result is that all energies are concentrated in perfecting the articulation, inflections, grace in movements and other points which tend to give the interpretation of the author's thoughts. The improvement in the work of those who have had this practice in Public Speaking is very noticeable. It always results in developing a greater strength of personality, and the student who has had practice in taking a part in a play, soon becomes an easy speaker when called upon to give an individual talk.

One of our graduates who received her training while attending Mansfield, Mrs. Helen Redfield Pattison, of Elkland, Pa., directed and staged "The Taming of the Shrew," in her home town, taking one of the leading parts—that of Petruchio. The parts were all taken by girls and the play was a huge success.

Miss Selana Shaver, who represented one of the characters in Booth Tarkington's, "The Man from Home," during her senior year at M. S. N. S. is now coaching the same play in Sayre, Pa. This is the second play which Miss Shaver has directed since her graduation, having very successfully presented "Strongheart."

While the most important public programs of the year have included plays, the students have also had splendid practice in other lines of practical public speaking.

The value of reading papers and articles from the printed page can not be under-estimated. It is not at all necessary, in our busy Normal life, to commit every selection given in the literary societies. Each selection should be carefully prepared, so that it can be read smoothly and in a manner that will hold the attention, and many students who do not have talent in music and other forms of entertainment, can give real pleasure to a group of people, by the good clear reading of an interesting article.

It is through these public performances and social gatherings of the student organizations that the greatest opportunity for developing personality comes to every boy and girl, and the stronger the personality, the greater the power for work in any community. Learning is acquired in the class room but something more than "learning" is required if a teacher would have discipline and influence. The wonderful power of personality has been expressed by many writers, but it is summed up in these splendid words by Walt Whitman to a pupil:

"Is reform needed? Is it through you? The greater the reform needed, the greater the personality you need to accomplish it. You! Do you not see how it would serve to have eyes, blood, complexion, clean and sweet? Do you not see how it would serve to have such a body and soul that when you enter the crowd an atmosphere of desire and command enters with you, and every one is impressed with your personality?

O the magnet! The flesh over and over! Go dear friend, if need be give up all else and commence to-ay to insure yourself to pluck, reality, self-esteem, definiteness, elevatedness, rest not till you rivet and publish yourself of your own personality."

No student at Mansfield is debarred from entering a society and each student should make the most of this opportunity to prepare for future school and community work in this line. The value of attending every program is inestimable and will only be realized after the student leaves school and finds that he or she is expected to be a leader as well as a teacher. K. E. R.

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THE RURAL SCHOOL.

When we look for opportunity in the teaching profession we turn to city or town. The graded school offers an established precedent and it is merely up to the new teacher to maintain the standard. The neglected condition of many of our rural schools so impresses us that we are blinded to the unlimited possibilities of development that every rural school presents. To many teachers the country school house is a place for incarceration between two states of existence, education and marriage, or a period of probation necessary to secure a better job.

This attitude on the part of prospective teachers is partly due to the dead level wage scale in country districts brought about by the inability of rural directors to make any distinction because of merit. Because of this condition the teacher as soon as she ceases to be an affliction to the community, leaves.

The whole purpose of this article is to bring home to our new teachers the possibilities of a rural school and to show the changing conditions which are making positions in country schools most desirable.

Economic pressure has directed the attention of both nation and state to agriculture. The subject has been approached from a scientific standpoint and every factor which will serve to better the farm lands is being considered. This research which means better roads, better crops, better stock, demands also better schools and the rural communities are coming to see that all improvement must first have its basis in the educational system. Every rural school has the vast laboratory of nature at its disposal in which the problems of the community may be studied and is also the logical forum of the community. It needs but the tactful teacher to make it the leading vital force in country life.

The wage of the country school teacher has nearly doubled in a quarter century. It will greatly increase in almost any community in two years, where the teacher cultivates the proper public sentiment. And rural people are now as never before ready to support any forward movement in education. One live teacher in every township in Tioga county will improve the rural schools one hundred per cent in ten years. We already have them in some townships.

And the reward. First, the greatest opportunity your professions offers for service and individual development. Secondly, the possibility of seeing the fruits of your own effort as you can never see them in city or town. The monetary reward has already been spoken of and there is still another side to this phase. Two ideas have been advanced for the betterment of country supervision by township principals. Neither idea is purely theoretical. The first has been worked out to a large extent in our own country and the second to a lesser degree. As these ideas gain headway new positions are created and the rural teacher best fitted for the job is going to get it.

The teacher who has a vision, who loves the country and its ways and who likes her work has opportunities in the rural school far beyond that of her predecessors. She will enter now at a time when there is a new era for the country school, when the whole nation has turned to the rural community for a solution of its problems, and she will begin her work in a period of transition when much of the old is rejected and an opportunity offered for the new. Traditions will not hamper as of old and she will find the rural community ready to give value received and to offer as never before the elements of true success in the profession of teaching.

C. C. W.

Don'ts for Exams.

Don't bring a pony to class. Daniel got out of the lion's den once so you should be able to repeat the stunt.

Do not raise your paper from your desk. No advertising here.

Do not repeat the question. The professor knows the question but not the answer.

Do not continuously stare at the teacher. The rule that says, looking a wild beast in the eye will keep him at bay, is only heresy.

A Normal co-ed returning from the hospital told her roommate that next to her there was a case of pyrexia. Her roommate, astonished, spoke back, "My dear, I didn't think they were allowed to have those fancy wines and a whole case, too!"

A member of our military corps here in school was walking down Main street a few days ago and upon meeting one of his friends gave a most regimental salute. His friend stopped and told him that he was no officer and that the boy need not salute him. The friend was very much put out when the boy explained that he knew he was not an officer but anything was good enough to practice on.

A Question.

If Grant and Cass
Would let us pass
If Platt gave lessons easy,
Could Sekol's smile
Dull hours beguile,
Or Van Norman's class "traduize?"

Will George Butler, Mus. Doc.

DELIVER a message of Love in everything that you do. The world may be slow to recognize, but it will surely get the message.

If you will love largely enough and be kind, some day, when you are not here, people will caress the inanimate objects you have touched and meditate deep and long.

He that loves most, lives most, for love is the ruling passion of Immortality.

The tree of Love bears the fruit of Kindness. One is the cause, the other, the effect. Neither can exist alone.

The love we radiate will live after us. May the hate we have scattered abroad be interred with our bones.

The KIND of love that produces helpfulness is active love, and there IS no other kind.

If you will love intensely enough the world may hate and crucify you, but a Passion for humanity on Calvary is triumphant and will draw all men unto it. Love suffers long, is kind and learns to kiss the Cross.

WILL GEORGE BUTLER

"IN THE LAND OF SHADOWS"

Alice H. Doane

(With apologies to John Kendrick Bangs)

"Well, it does beat all what a world of trouble those modern Germans are stirring up!" said Caesar, as he sat in the club house of Illustrious Spirits, enjoying his after dinner cigar and reading the evening paper which a shade had just brought him. "Now those are the same Germans that I licked when I was in the upper world. If I were only there with my Tenth Legion—" But just here a large blonde spirit with a Teutonic cast of countenance burst into the room. Caesar instantly resumed his paper. while the other club members fearing trouble hastened to provide a seat for Ariovistus in the opposite corner of the room.

"Fine day, sir," remarked Cicero. "Yes, I suppose so," replied the Teuton. "But have you heard the news? Uncle Sam has sent poor von Bernstorff home and everything's in an awful mess up above. My countrymen have staked all on the ultimate result, and they can afford to do so; for the Kaiser says his submarine policy will be ruthessly carried out."

At that moment little Ascanius, Aeneas' young son, ran into the room crying, "Oh, Mr. Caesar, dad says you're to come out to the Styx at once. There's a submarine on the river!" The room was immediately emptied while Ariovistus and Caesar nearly came to blows to see which should get out the door first. Sure enough even through the dim light. they could decry the undersea boat with its tall dark towers. As the news spread, old Charon, the boatman, came running down the bank, shaking his fist at the intruder and crying out, "How dare you sail on my river!" and it was with considerable difficulty that the sturdy old fellow was restrained from immediately launching his leaky boat and setting out.

Cicero, who had thoughtfully provided himself with a spy-glass reported that he could make out several openings in the boat's sides, from which evidence he believed one could logically infer that the boat had been attacked by a destroyer. The other shades fearing that the famous orator was about to begin one of his lengthy speeches, and that, when he had started it might be difficult to stop him, hastily interrupted his remarks by calling attention to a dejected looking spirit who appeared on the top of the boat. Ariovistus soon recognized him as the shade of a well known submarine captain, whose portrait he had seen in the Hades Pictorial Review.

When the boat reached the dock, Charon boarded her shouting, "Don't you dare to come ashore, you cringing spiritless soul!" The poor spirit, cowed by these angry words, meekly replied, "Indeed, I won't Mr. Charon—please don't be angry. It really isn't my fault that I'm here. There was an awful explosion and then we came down—down! Oh, it was awful!" The reporter from the leading daily "The Spirit Light" scented a good story and crowded up closer, pad in hand. "And what is the latest from up above?" "Yes, tell us," the spirits all cried; and even old Charon joined in, his curosity getting the better of his wrath.

The spirit began, "There's the Capitol leak. You know Tom Lawson accusses—" "Oh, rot! there's nothing new about that," said Caesar; I read that in our daily several weeks ago." "That Capitol leak," remarked Cicero, "Reminds me of Catiline's conspiracy. Now do you know if it hadn't been for a woman who couldn't keep a secret, I should never have been able to find it all out." But the reporter, with the true instincts of his class, still persisted. "How lately have you heard from the war?" "Oh sir," said the spirit, "we left port under sealed orders a month ago yesterday, reckoned by their time—but somehow since we reached these waters, I can't tell time; my head is so confused when I think of our dreadful disaster." "Poor fellow," said kind hearted Virgil, "Let's invite him ashore. The steward at the club can mix him up a fine drink of lethean water that will make him forget his earthly troubles. Come, poor spirit, cheer up. Let's all go up to the club house. Boys, I have a poem which I have composed on this event. Would you like to hear it?" But Caesar, who hated poetry, suggested that the reading of the poem might be deferred to some more auspicious occasion.

When they arrived at the club house, the poor Teutonic shade was handed over to the care of the genial steward, whose skill in brewing various concoctions designed to produce joy, forgetfulness and other desirable mental states, had already made him famous in the world below. "Let's have a meeting of the club," suggested one of the shades, "and decide what to do with our new arrival." As all agreed, Cicero, who happened to be the presiding officer, called the meeting to order and asked someone to state the business of the evening. After a few preliminary remarks had been made, Aeneas astonished the rest by a unique suggestion. "Let's admit our new friend to all the rights and privileges of membership in the club of Illustrious Spirits; provided that he, in return for this honor, turn over the submarine to the use of the club. Now by putting on a deck with an awning and a few necessary repairs in the sides, it would make a very comfortable house-boat to replace the old House-boat on the Styx." All applauded and a committee was appointed to arrange the details of the plan. Just then a gentle rapping was heard at the door, and in stepped Dido, followed by a group of women shades. Terentia, Cicero's wife, began by saying to her husband in a rather complaining tone, "Marcus, why don't you come home? The supper is nearly ruined." The other ladies were about to express themselves in a similar way, when Aeneas arose and said with courtly grace: "Ladies, we were just arranging for a moonlight picnic and a little trip down the river in our new house-boat. Will you do us the honor of your company?" The other club members looked wise and showed no surprise when the invitation was accepted; and while the club adjourned to complete the necessary arrangements, the ladies hastened home to don their most becoming gowns.

WHY MEN SHOULD STUDY MUSIC

By Dr. Will George Butler

Herbert Spencer in his essay on "Education" says: "What knowledge is of most worth? The uniform reply is: 'Science.'" But Spencer was a scientist. Shakespeare was an actor and so his estimation of life's values is expressed in the well known quotation, "All the world's a stage." Beethoven considered life a great musical composition whose author is God. We have seen within the last few days a lawyer strut along the street with his head high in the air, saying with each swaggering step: "I-know-it-all—I-am-it—Who-are-you?" The old Quaker was right in line when he said to his wife, "Rachel, it seems to me that every one is queer but thee and me and once in a while thou art a little bit off!"

So all of us look at the world through the eyes of our peculiar activities to perceive how extremely out of harmony everything is, and, down in our hearts, many of us prescribe our particular wares to set things right.

I most sincerely believe that every one, and especially every man, should have a more or less thorough knowledge of music. I hope I do not believe this because I am more interested in music than some others. If I were a business man, a physician, a lawyer or a mechanic, I should hope to have this conviction. Some people have the same ideas about music that they have about religion. It will do for women and children but we men with our three decker brains will have none of it!

Music is a manly art and it requires all the sturdy, masculine elements of a Beethoven, a Wagner or a Liszt to master it. I will admit that there is a great element of the feminine in it, but this is one of my reasons for saying that every man ought to have a share of it. The masculine, while it is noble, sturdy and heroic in its natural state, is likely to be coarse and uncouth without the refining influences of the arts and more especially music. There is not anything more distasteful than a masculine woman or a feminine man, but on the other hand a man can be too masculine and a woman too feminine. Nothing will take off the rough, coarse edges better than a knowledge of how to produce and appreciate good music.

Then I would say that men should study music to make them more manly, **to give them the correct mental sex timber**

In the second place, music should be studied by every man **because of its power of mental and spiritual purgation.** Music appeals very strongly to the heart or the emotions and to the majority of us this is the only way it appeals. As the physical heart sends its warm flow of life fluid to cleanse and purify and sustain the tissues of the body, so the emotions, if properly stimulated and rightly directed, clarify and build up the spiritual man and lift him toward the ideal of absolute purity. There could be nothing more awfully delightful than to look upon God, for all the beauty we see and hear and appreciate is simply a glimpse of its Author. He is absolute purity. Purity can be seen only through pure eyes and the Master taught, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." The history of music is very closely associated with the history of the church because church men of all times have recognized the purifying and elevating influence of the art. When we have heard a program of elevating music we leave the place with the same convictions and resolutions to live a better, cleaner life that we have when we hear a sermon of spiritual power. It is the voice of the Eternal speaking! This introduces us to another reason why men who desire broad intellectual attainment should know the language of music.

If we think that the writers of literature comprise all the great minds of the world and that they delivered all the great messages to mankind, we are wonderfully mistaken. The intellect of a Beethoven is just as great as that of a Shakespeare. Wagner had no smaller mental calibre and Chopin and Brahms were poets of the same order as Tennyson and Browning. The messages of each of these men are of equal importance, their mediums of expression simply differing. It is as stupid for an aspirant to culture not to understand something of Beethoven as it is for him not to appreciate and comprehend Browning or Shakespeare. The man who does not appreciate good music fails to get about a third of the choice things some of the greatest and loftiest spirits have given to us.

It has been proven beyond a doubt that the activities of the mind in musical exertion are of the most complex order. So the study of music is a fine mental discipline and a splendid memory drill. Failing memory has been restored in a number of instances by musical exercise.

And then the person who can play or sing can take a most delightful trip into the realm of imagination whenever the spell is upon him.

My friend and I have good times together; my old, old friend. He is wealthy, wealthy, wealthy, and extremely liberal with all of his riches. He is old! Hundreds of years ago a seed took root and began to grow in a far distant clime. The shrub became the sapling and the sapling grew into the tree. Through years of storm and calm, tempest and zephyr, light and darkness, heat and cold, sunshine and shadow it stood growing strong and majestic in preparation for its work. It was saturated with the yellows of the dawn and flooded with the somber reds of the gloaming. It was kissed by the dews of the night and bathed in the sunshine of the noon. It heard the song of the bird to its mate and the discordant cry of the beasts of prey. All of these influences became the tree and all these beautiful things belong to me, because my friend is a very dear companion. In the fullness of time a great violin maker saw that the tree was good; it was hewn down and taken to his shop and there my friend was born anew. That was in 1753 in Mittenwald, Germany, and during all these years that have passed many hands have tenderly caressed its strings, many souls have poured themselves into it and many ears have heard and understood the songs that it sang. All of

this is mine! It is mine, not because I bought the instrument and paid for it, but because, through years of training and toil. I have acquired a degree of appreciation which makes it mine richly to enjoy. **And these delights are for every man if he will pay for them in the required coin.**

Then again music opens the mystic shrine of the memory and ushers us into that holy chamber where so many cherished experiences dwell.

Cavatina.

(Written on the celebrated composition by Raff)

In the quietness of evening,
I love to steal away
From the busy world surrounding
That holds me through the day,
And, in the gentle twilight,
To take my violin
As in a trip of fancy
I'm borne on music's wing.

Just as a zephyr glides along
And carries sweet perfume
Or, as the shadows dance about
Beneath the silvery moon,
So sweet tones flow softly forth
And set my memory free
As Cavatina wraps me
In longing reverie.

I am again in childhood's hour
Beside the shady stream
Or with the simple country lads
At play upon the green;
Slowly strolling through the wood
The birds of springtime sing,
On the ice with merry girls
The laughs of winter ring.

Within the walls of home once more
I sit at mother's knee
And hear the story of the cross
Repeated oft to me,
I see my father's form again,
His sturdy voice I hear,
I see my brothers, sisters, all,
And friends that I held dear.

As bright embers on the hearth
To ashes die away,
So my dreams of boyhood's time
Are ended with the day.

I gently lay my friend aside
When he has sung his song
And in the stillness of the night
My musings I prolong.

And when the morrow calls me,
When I my work resume,
The memories still will linger
Recalled by that sweet tune.

English As She Is "Spoke" And German As She Is Translated

Anna Lorette Rose

I wanted to write an essay on silence, but the Board of Editors objected, though I really think a blank space would look better than a lot of words having no relation to each other or anything else. Topics for an article were absolutely minus in my brain and yet this same unescapable editor person practically held a club over my head and insisted. Being by nature a weak, timid, retiring person, I usually try to do as I am told, if it doesn't interfere with my own pleasure. Writing this article did, but as I said, I was intimidated and then I really believe he was a bit bigger than I. So you must suffer for it.

The life of a teacher is not all a bed of roses. That looks like a pun. I didn't mean it that way. But I mean to say that the monotonous, dreary, everyday grind of doing the same thing every day and trying to think up a new way to do it, would be unendurable, were it not for the occasional laughs we have over misconceptions, misunderstandings and misstatements of the very things we have been trying to teach. From time to time you will see a paragraph in a paper concerning "freak" answers to examination questions. It seems almost as if they were made up; as if no one in the world could say such funny things, but the instances I am going to give you have everyone occurred since I have been at Mansfield.

For a year I had two grades in the Model school. The senior class was small and several of the Normal teachers took classes over there, or rather here, for it was before the new building was finished. One class was a sixth grade language class. It was in February and the work had been of course, on Washington, Lincoln and Longfellow. One morning I decided to review. There were visitors, and the advance lesson was hard, so I took no chances. After asking several questions about Longfellow, I finally asked: "What great honor was bestowed on Longfellow at his death that has been granted to no other American?" After some hesitancy I received the answer, "He is buried in the Poet's Corner." And let me say here that there is an art in knowing when to stop! But never could I let well enough alone, so I proceeded to ask where this Poet's corner was. At last a very timid hand appeared and I took the chance. In a small, trembling voice came the answer, "There's one in the Toledo Blade!" It was the same morning that, in answer to the question, "What great things did Lincoln do?", one small boy piped up,

"He died!" I've never taught in the Model school since!

Freshman grammar has furnished me with stories for the rest of my life! I put a list of words on the board one day to be used in sentences, among them were "elementary," "insinuate," and "atheist". I found these three sentences in the papers: "The elementary canal is a very important part of the body;" "You should never insinuate a lady;" and "An atheist is a member of a political party." In an examination in C grammar I asked for examples of a verb and a pronoun and received this answer: "A example is was and an pronoun are she." In the same examination "who" was spelled "ho;" "whose," "hos;" and "question," "qeation." The only way I knew it meant question was that the sentence read, "An interrogative sentence asks a qeation." Another student wrote, "A declarative sentence declares and an imperative sentence impers!"

Quite as funny things happen in my German classes. One examination paper talked of "stransitive" and "instransitive" verbs in a most learned manner and another assured me that "dependent order is that order of a German verb in which the inflicted part of the verb stands at the end of the clause." I realize perfectly that German verbs are often "inflicted," more perhaps, than really need be!

Translations from German to English are perhaps the funniest of all funny things in that work. There, misplacements of words or a wrong pause will create ridiculous phrases. For instance a student once read the following sentence as I have punctuated it, instead of pausing after the word "feet": "He stood motionless and looked over the tops of the trees, at his feet on the opposite shore!" That would be a good trick if he could do it, but I doubt anyone's ability to accomplish that feat! Aother time "Rathskellar" was translated "rat-cellar" and the same boy spoke confidently of "a warm sunny afternoon in early spring!"

And so it goes. I tell these mistakes in no mean spirit of sarcasm, but merely hoping that you, too, will see the funny side. I have saved the best for the last and this did not happen in my department. It was in a class in music history that in answer to the question: "What great affliction befell Bach?", the reply was, "Twenty children!"

"HAIR-BREADTH HAROLD"

F. E. Rupert

The Story of a Wonderful Mansfield Victory.

It was a cold and stormy night in the middle of January. On the outskirts of the thriving bustling city of Mansfield, Handsome Harold was battling his way along the banks of the roaring Tioga. It was seven by the clock in Alumni Hall and he had just walked home with Sadie, the beautiful blonde sewing-machine girl, after her day's labor in the sweat shops by the Condensery.

Who is this Handsome Harold? Our hero is the wonderful forward on the basketball team and tonight they are to play the famous team from Lambs Creek for the championship of the United States. As he left the loving embrace of his wonderful lady love he had murmured, "We shall win for your sake and I alone could beat the whole town of Lambs Creek for, am I not the best player who ever came to Mansfield?"

But a set of jealous third-floor boys were upon his tracks. They hated him because of his striking beauty. The fickle girls of North Hall could pay attention to no one else when Harold was about and now a group gathered into a band for the sake of injuring his fatal beauty and his athletic ability. They hoped that they might again find favor in the eyes of the beauties from the other building. The Dirty Dozen sprang from behind trees and finally overpowered our hero. He killed six with his strong right arm however, before he was finally bound hand and foot.

When he became conscious again he was in an evil smelling cellar and could hear rats running around. Sometimes they ran across his face. He broke into a cold sweat, not because he was afraid of anything, for he was of sterner stuff but because he was afraid he had been detained too long and that the championship had been lost. He knew how he could extricate himself, for the summer before when camping at Wellsboro an old Indian, who was the sole survivor of the once famous Indian village had taught him rat language. It was but the work of a few minutes, after he had made the millions of rats understand what he wanted, until they chewed the ropes through and he was again free in spite of the evil workings of that third-floor gang. He glanced at his watch which he could see plainly in spite of the dark, for the same Indian had taught him how to convert his eyes into cat's eyes. It was nine-thirty. The game was nearly over and he was five miles away. Now he could test his running power for he had been practicing many months. In exactly six minutes he was in the dressing room of the gym and he could hear the shrill whistle of the referee on the floor above as he frantically dressed. In one minute he rushed up the stairs and on the floor.

As he appeared before the spectators a ringing cheer broke forth from all except the Lambs Creek section and the six surviving members of the Dirty Dozen. The faces of the latter went pale and they whisnered, "Our thousands of dollars are lost." The coach called time and whispered to him hurriedly. The score was 30-4 in favor of Lambs Creek and there were but two minutes to play. Our hero stepped onto the floor, bowing, and with his usual extreme modesty, announced to his fair admirers from North Hall, "I know we can win for I am here. We cannot lose now."

In the following two minutes he scored sixteen field baskets and sent joy into the hearts of the Mansfield rooters, for the final score was 36-30. As the crowd was carrying him off on their shoulders and filling his pockets with gold, the alarm clock went off and—"Mose," hurrying to breakfast vowed, "No more Frank Merriwell for me."

When You Smile, Another Smiles,
And Soon There's Miles and Miles of Smiles.

Not After Beauty.

Freshie to Co-Ed in Library—"Will you go to the formal dance with me?"

Co-Ed—"I'm sorry, but I don't believe I can. However, I'll introduce you to a real good-looking friend of mine who might be glad to go with you."

Freshie—"I don't want a good looking girl. I want you."

Mr. Sekol (in Penmanship Class) to Ruth Smith—"Why do you always make your I's backward? Make them this way. Mr. Bowser can show you how. I just saw him making them at Miss Kerrick."

Mr. Cass—"What is a pillory?"
Miss Quinn—"A what."
Mr. Cass—"A pillory."
Miss Quinn—"A facetious term sometimes applied to a drug store."

Reckus, looking at the corner stone of one of the churches—"What do those letters mean, MDCCCXCVII.

Don Arnold—"Why that means eighteen hundred ninety-seven."

Reckus—"Don't you think they are carrying that spelling reform too far?"

For German Students, Only.

Rena Reinhardt—"I just love to go to the library! I go every day to see A-man-da."

Mr. Merritt to Katherine Carpenter — "Wouldn't you like to go to Lapland?"

"Catie"—"Oh, Carl, I'm afraid I'd be too heavy."

Sparrow Don Smith, alias the Popinjay Count, reports to the Sporting Editor that he has trained off four (4) ounces and will soon be under weight qualifications to meet any light haired girl in school.

Don Gilliland—"What would you say if I should throw you a kiss?"

Alys Brown—"I would say you are the laziest boy in the world.

Dear Miss Fairfacts: If I took a young lady for a ride in my automobile which is painted black and she wore a red coat, do you think the contrast would be too great? Harold Strait.

My Dear Strait: Since the coat is nearly as becoming as the young lady, it would enhance the beauty of the car.

Der Alpenhirt.

Translated from the German of Schiller

Ye pastures, farewell!
Thou sunshiny mead-verd!
Forth now must the Swiss herd:
The Summer is gone.

Our path's to the mountain; anon we descend,
When calls the cuckoo,—and rare melodies blend;
When Earth's flower-fragrance repletes her array·
When swift slip the mount-streams in sweet-smelling May!

Ye pastures, farewell!
Thou sunshiny mead-verd!
Forth now must the Swiss herd;
The Summer is gone.

Huh!

Arnold—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."
Cresswell—"No; presents."

Helen Scanlon was having a great deal of trouble with her arithmetic and said to "Milly" Ward—"What would you do if you were in my shoes." Whereupon "Milly" replied: "I'd stuff 'em with cotton."

Shoes are made nowadays from all kinds of skins. Even banana skins make slippers.

"Doc" Johnson—"How do you know Miss Willard powders?"

Howard Deily—"I had a dark suit on that night."

Miss Rose to Mr. Ashcraft—"Translate, 'What were you going to do with it'?"

Ashcraft—"Was hat Sie damit tun wollen."

Miss Rose—"No, that would be, 'What was she going to do with it.' Don't think of the girls so much, 'Petey.' "

Enuf.

St Clair—"A stogie, please."
Clerk—"Five or ten."
St Clair—"One."

—It Does At That!

Allison, discussing phonics, "What rhymes with pugh?"

Woodrow, holding his nose, "You."

A student in Miss Vail's hygiene class writing cremation was a good thing said that the person might be in a swoon and if he is burned, he cannot recover.

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